OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR OF VENICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now-acted

At the THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY-LANE and COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
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MDCCLXV.

Vet A5 e. 1349(1)

Dramatis Perſonæ at *Covent-Garden*, 1765.

DUKE *of* VENICE,	Mr. MARTIN.
BRABANTIO, *a Noble* Venetian,	Mr. GIBSON.
GRATIANO, *Brother to* Brabantio,	Mr. REDMAN.
LODOVICO, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano,	Mr. ANDERSON.
OTHELLO, *the Moor, General of the* Venetians *in* Cyprus,	Mr. ROSS.
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant-General*,	Mr. HULL.
IAGO, *Standard Bearer to* Othello,	Mr. SPARKS.
RODORIGO, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in Love with* Deſdemona,	Mr. DYER.
MONTANO, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus,	Mr. DAVIS.
Clown, *Servant to the Moor*,	
Herald.	
DESDEMONA, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello,	Mrs. WARD.
ÆMILIA, *Wife to* Iago,	
BIANCA, *a Courtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio,	

Dramatis Perſonæ at *Drury-Lane*, 1765.

OTHELLO, — —	Mr. POWELL.
IAGO, — — —	Mr. HOLLAND.
RODORIGO, — —	Mr. KING.
CASSIO, — —	Mr. PALMER.
BRABANTIO, — —	Mr. LOVE.
DUKE, — —	Mr. BRANSBY.
LODOVICO, — —	Mr. PACKER.
MONTANO, — —	Mr. FOX.
GRATIANO, — — —	Mr. PARSONS.
MESSENGER,	Mr. ACKMAN.
DESDEMONA, — —	Mrs. YATES.
ÆMILIA, — —	Mrs. HOPKINS.
BIANCA.	

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

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OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

IAGO.

BUT you'll not hear me.
Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.
Iago. If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,
Nonſuits my mediators; "For certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*;—(the *Florentine*'s
A fair fellow, almoſt damn'd in a fair phyz;)—
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter;

He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark!) his Moorſhip's Ancient.
Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him, then.
Iago O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
Tho' his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her father's houſe. I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, a fire
Is 'ſpied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags.

Brabantio *appears above at a window.*

Bra. What is the matter, there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Sir, you're robb'd:
You have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod.

Rod. Moſt reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: What are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs
Doſt thou come, to ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir—
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*;
My houſe is not a grange.
Rod. Moſt brave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.
Iago. Sir, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art—a villain.
Iago. You are—a ſenator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*
Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you
Straight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Give me a taper;—call up my people;——
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light; I ſay, light!
Iago. Farewell; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the ſtate,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd

With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him, as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love,
(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *and Servants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is!
Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh! unhappy girl;
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou?
How didſt thou know 'twas he?
Get more tapers.
Raiſe all my kindred—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother:
Some one way, ſome another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Street before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it baſe and infamous,
To do a contriv'd murther;——Nine or ten times I thought

I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms,
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for be ſure of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all its might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege: and my demerits
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Caſſio, *with Torches.*

Iago. Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.
Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Caſ. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt haſte appearance,
Ev'n on the inſtant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
You have been hotly call'd for,

When, being not at your lodgings to be found,
The ſenate ſent above three ſeveral queſts
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack?
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and Torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General, be adviſ'd.
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief. [*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, ſir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy cull'd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him?
Caſ. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council
In this time of the night? bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and pageants ſhall our ſtateſmen be. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to the Senate-houſe.*

Duke and Senators ſet at a Table, with Lights and Attendants.

Duke. THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But tho' they jump not on a juſt account,
Yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment.

Enter Officer.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now!——What's the buſineſs?
Meſſ. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So I was bid report here to the ſtate.

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sen.* 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering, with due courſe, towards the iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet———

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus: Marcus Luccios*,
Is he not here in town?

Sen. He's now in *Florence.*

Duke. Write from us to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

To them enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtrait employ you
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior: [*To* Bra.
We lack'd your council, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!———

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Sans witchcraft could not———

Duke.

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
And your own ſenſe; yea, tho' our proper ſon
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We're very ſorry for't.
What in your own part can you ſay to this? [*To* Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but it is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf: and ſhe, in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof.
Othello, ſpeak;

Did

Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections;
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report;
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And, till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſt'rous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence;
Of battles bravely, hardly, fought; of victories
For which the conqueror mourn'd, ſo many fell:
Sometimes I told the ſtory of a ſiege,
Wherein I had to combat, plagues and famine;
Soldiers unpaid; fearful to fight,
Yet bold in dangerous mutiny.
Theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,

Took

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."——
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it;—yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter, too—
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt;
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Enter Deſdemona, *&c.*

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. I have done.
I had rather adopt a child than get it. Come

Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which as a griſe, or ſtep, may help thoſe lovers
Into your favour———
When remedies are paſt the griefs are ended;
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended:
To mourn a miſchief, that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.

Bra. Beſeech your grace on to the affairs o' th' ſtate.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a moſt mighty preparation, makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. You muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſt'rous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardineſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes

May

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate:
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant
For ſhe is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments;
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo.
Good night to every one. And noble ſignior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black. *Bra.*

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith—Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exit.*

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago.——

Iago. What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay I would drown myſelf for the love of a *Guinney* hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purſe.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no

no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou can'ſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure and me a ſport. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purſe. [Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;

For I my own gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true—
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well—
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery——How? how?—let's ſee—
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife.———
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I hav't—it is ingendred—hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.

Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

CASSIO.

THANKS to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on th' brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governor.
[*Guns within.*

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy:
Our friends, at leaſt.

Caſ. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd. [*Exit.*

Gent. I ſhall.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. It is one *Iago*, Ancient to the general.

Caſ. He'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpoke of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:

You

You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear—how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hark, a ſail! [*Guns within.*
Within.] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*, [*To* Æmilia.
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. In faith too much.
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out a doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-oats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!
Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true; or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſ. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?
Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ.

Deſ. Come, one eſſay. There's one gone to the har-
Caſ. Ay, Madam. [bour.
Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;
What praiſe could thou beſtow on a deſerving woman, indeed?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
Have ſuitors following, and not look behind,
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were,)——

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall-beer.*

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy huſband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt prophane and liberal cenſurer?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid—whiſper.—With as a little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do—I will give thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed.—If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo ſoft. The Moor,—I know his trumpet. [*Trumpet.*

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Deſ. My dear *Othello.*

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute, That

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Deſ. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be, [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh, you are well tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſick, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*
Oth. Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſired in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote,
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel.
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Come hither, *Rodorigo*, if thou be'ſt valiant; liſt me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this; *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.
Rod. With him! why, 'tis not poſſible!
Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil!
Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.
Iago. Bleſs'd fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! did'ſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? did'ſt not mark that?

Rod.

Rod. Yes, that I did, but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, an obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or taunting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, haply, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe;
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, 'howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho', peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall content my ſoul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,

Abuſe

Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Caſtle.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to night,
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with you earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello, *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſſio. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our general caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and

unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh, courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Within; I pray you call them hither.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drank to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young miſtreſs's dog.———
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,)
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards
As to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my deem,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan:
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn't it in *England*; where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and

and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*——Drink, ho!——are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was and a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor lown.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins———Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my Ancient; this is my right-hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*; I pray you after the lieutenant. Go. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,

And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the truſt *Othello* puts him in
On ſome odd time of his infirmity
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.

Mont. It were well
The general were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils.
And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within.* Help! Help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave, teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you over the maz-
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk. [zard.

Caſ. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry mutiny. [*Ex.* Rod.
Nay, good lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch indeed——
Who's that, who rings the bell— [*Bell rings.*
Lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Hold,

Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold,—the general ſpeaks.

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now—
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And, would in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer *Iago* can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night?
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now by heav'n,
If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.——What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtic quarrel?
In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*;
Yet I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, general;
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Deſdemona, *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example. *Deſ.*

Deſ. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, ſweeting, come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldier's life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. [*Exit.*

Manent Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation!——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound: there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpiſed, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk, and ſpeak? parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with the ſword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It has pleaſed the Devil, drunkenneſs, to give

place to the Devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!—every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a Devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our general's wife is now the general; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than is requeſted.

Caſ. You adviſe me well. [kindneſs.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good-night, lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good-night, honeſt *Iago*. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays, I play a villain?
——Now while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all. How, now, *Rodorigo!*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio*;
Does it not go well?
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter;
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on:
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his wife,—ay, that's the way:
Dull not device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit*.

ACT III.

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace*.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. BE thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my huſband
As if the cauſe were his.

Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not *Caſſio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caſ. Moſt bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.

Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politic diſtance.

Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long.
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,

That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place.
Therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello *and* Iago, *at a diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now: I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that——
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio*, my lord?—no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my lord;
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Deſ. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. In ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Deſ. To-morrow dinner, then? *Oth.*

Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the captain at the citadel.
Deſ. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
What? *Michael Caſſio!*
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpleaſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! truſt me, I could do much——
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech you grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.
Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Othello *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent wench!—Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.
Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought of that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my lord!
Oth. Honeſt! ay, honeſt.
Iago. My lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think? *Iago.*

Iago. Think, my lord!——
Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'ſt not that*—
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed!*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou doſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold diſtillations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain; men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt
Of thoughts the worſt of words.
Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, ſay they're vile and falſe;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mark'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſs——

(As,

(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls,
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh: 'tis ſomething, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heav'n the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd.
'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;

For

For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, and jealouſy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marry you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to, then;
She that ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But, I do ſee you're mov'd—
I am to pray you not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My lord, I ſee, you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.

Iago.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a-while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit* Iago.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much— She's

She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh, the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites; I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uſe. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks itſelf;
I'll not believe't.

Def. How, now, my dear *Othello!*
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin here:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And giv't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I,
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now, what do you do here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me!
It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha!

Iago.

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all! what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief!
Why that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it? [*Snatching it.*

Iago. Why, what is that to you!

Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Leave me—Go,— [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething,
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtol'n hours of luſt;
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't poſſible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore?
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof, [*Catching*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul, [*hold on him.*
Thou hadſt better have been born a dog, a dog, *Iago*,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord———

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'ſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w'you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;

I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Diana*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poiſon or fire, or ſuffocating ſteams,
I'll not endure't—Would I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied!

Oth. Would! nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.——
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio*:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet *Deſdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves?"
And then, ſir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry,—"Oh ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth.

Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion:
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet—Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his face with.
Oth. If it be that———
Iago. If it be that, or any, that was hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis true.—Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;—
Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood———
Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont*:
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up—Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow, [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words———
Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!

Witneſs,

Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command,
And not to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my lieutenant—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in the ſame Caſtle.*

Enter Deſdemona, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. WHERE ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Deſ. Believe me, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Deſ. Who, he! I think the ſun where he was born
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my lady.

Deſ. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt—this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;

For

For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels; 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.
Deſ. You may, indeed, ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Deſ. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Deſ. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Deſ. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not!——
Deſ. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't;—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Deſ. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sibyl* that had numbered in the world
Of the ſun's courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens hearts.
Deſ. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.
Deſ. Then would to heav'n that I had never ſeen't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Deſ.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o' th' way?
Deſ. Bleſs us!
Oth. Say you!
Deſ. It is not loſt; but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Deſ. I ſay, it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch it, let me ſee't.
Deſ. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit.
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind miſgives—
Deſ. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. In ſooth you are to blame.
Oth. Away!——— [*Exit* Othello.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:
Look you! *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.
Deſ. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit.
Deſ. Alas! good *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.
Iago. Can he be angry! I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; yet he ſtood unmov'd:
And can he be angry! Some-

Something of moment then; I'll go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pray thee do ſo—Something, ſure, of ſtate,
From *Venice*,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State matter as you think; and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas the day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t'effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Deſd. *and* Æmil. *at one door*, Caſſ. *at the other.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Court before the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Iago.

Iago. WILL you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Iago!*

Iago. What to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm!

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief———

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth.

Oth. She is protectrix of her honour, too:
May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:
Thou ſaid'ſt,—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong!
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her—what you will—

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her!—
That's fulſome.
I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon; ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good:—What trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy general.

Oth. With all my heart, ſir.
Lod. The duke and ſenators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiſs the inſtruments of their pleaſures.
Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin *Lodovico?*
Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*
Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*
Iago. Lives, ſir.
Deſ. There's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Oth. Are you ſure of that?
Deſ. My lord!——
Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—— [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my lord and *Caſſio?*
Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' attone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Deſ. My lord!
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.
Deſ. Truſt me, I'm glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Deſ. My lord!
Oth. I'm glad to ſee you mad.
Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil!—— [*Striking her.*
Deſ. I have not deſerved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Tho' I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my ſight——
Deſ. I will not ſtay t'offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Trûly, an obedient lady.
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs.——

Deſ.

Def. My lord.
Oth. What would you with her, ſir.
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay, you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient:
Very obedient——proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, ſir,——oh, well painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon.——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*——Hence, avaunt!——
[*Exit* Deſdemona.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, ſir, to-night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, ſir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and monkies!

Manent Lodovico *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the nature,
Which paſſion could not ſhake?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known.
Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry that I was deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing, then!
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whiſper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor
Æmil. Never, my lord. [nothing?
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet-lock and key of villainous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs,
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery—nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.
Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my lord! your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be doubly damn'd: ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I falſe? *Oth.*

Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away——
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fix'd figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it, as a ciſtern for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.
Def. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely, fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee———
'Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born!
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
—Oh, thou public commoner!
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed!—Impudent
ſtrumpet!
Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet!
Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.

If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore!
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*.

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Deſ. With whom, *Æmilia?*
Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Deſ. Who's thy lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.
Deſ. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia.*
Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember;
And call thy huſband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change, indeed! [*Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.

Enter Iago *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, madam? how is't with you?
Deſ. I cannot tell. Thoſe that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks;
He might have chid me ſo; for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord has ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Deſ. Am I that name, *Iago?*
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Deſ. Such as, ſhe ſaid, my lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callat.

Iago.

Iago. Why did he ſo?
Deſ. I know not; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Deſ. It is my wretched fortune. [him?
Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon
Deſ. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not deviſ'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there's no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companion thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked thro' the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh, fie upon him! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other——

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. Faith I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would have half corrupted a votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to: very well.

Rod. Very well; go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Deſdemona:* If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why now, I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever

ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingered here by ſome accident: wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him!

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; if you will watch his going thence, you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near, to ſecond your attempt. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me! I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod Madam, good night! I humbly thank your lady-ſhip.

Def. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Deſdemona!

Def. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look it be done.

Def. I will, my lord.

Oth. Will you walk, ſir? [*Exit.*

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Def. He ſays he will return immediately,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me!

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would you had never ſeen him!

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing: I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my ſword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. Now whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.—If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him! there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain. [ther!

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa; murther, mur-

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, hoa! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.

Rod. No body come! Then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a light and ſword.*

Gra. Here's one comes, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? Whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murther?

Caſ. Iago, oh, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout!
And cannot make away.

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caſ. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murth'rous ſlave? oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th'dark! where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town! ho, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Caſſio* hurt by villains.

Gra. Caſſio!

Iago. How is't, brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Know we this face,
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,
Rodorigo! no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio!*

Iago. Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt*, Iago *following.*

SCENE, *a Bed-chamber:* Desdemona *is discovered asleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

OTHELLO.

IT is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.——Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[*Lays down the sword.*

Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then——put out *thy* light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent; but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;

[*Kissing her.*

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after —One more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes——

Des.

Def. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*
Def. Will you come to-bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona?*
Def. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n and grace,
Sollicit for it straight.
Def. Alack, my lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.
Def. Talk you of killing!
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Def. They're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'st.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio.*
Def. No, by my life and soul; send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury:
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Aye, but not yet to die.
Oth. Presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def.

Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman; thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it, then:
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee—
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fear interprets, then—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to-morrow, but let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive—
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this! not dead! not yet quite dead!
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Æmil. within.] What hoa, my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—ſhe's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.——Ha, no more moving!
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again.——No——what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration——
Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. O good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee; come in, *Æmilia.*
What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*
Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What! now!
Æmil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio*, my lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, called *Rodorigo.*
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd! and *Caſſio* kill'd!
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd! then murther's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. Oh falſely, falſely murther'd!—
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, ſpeak again;
Sweet *Deſdemona!* oh ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I myſelf, farewell,
Commend me to my kind lord; oh, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murther'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock!

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio:* had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.
Do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago.*

Æmil. If he says so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lyes to th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!——

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed—
I care not for thy sword. I'll make thee known,
Tho' I lost twenty lives———Help! help! hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mont. How now, general?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago!* you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;

He

He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know thou didſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned lye?
Upon my ſoul, a lye, a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio!* did you ſay with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs;
What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd;
I know this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token,
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!
That handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a triſle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago.

Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh, murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago *breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.

Mont. Take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain.
[*Exeunt* Mont. *and* Gra.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. Moor, ſhe was chaſte: ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this ſingle arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now——how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,

Ev'n

Ev'n like thy chaſtity.
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *Priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello:*
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beeſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, ſir, but am not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I ne'er will ſpeak a word.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!

Lod.

Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t' have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſati fied him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Caſ. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Judean*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*

Beat

Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus.—— [*Stabs himſelf.*
I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this, [*To* Deſ.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*
Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,—
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myſelf will ſtrait aboard; and to the ſtate
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

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